

THE DAWN.

NO. 6.

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“Cultivation is as necessary to the mind, as food is to the body.”

“If good we plant not, vice will fill the place;
And rankest weeds the richest soils deface.”

☞ Communications for the DAWN to ensure insertion, must be sent at least six days before publication.

“CICERO” will, we think, see the propriety of the alterations we have made in his essay. We should have made more, but the fear of giving offence prevented us.

We have received a note from “LUCINDA,” complaining in the most bitter terms, of our refusal to publish her communication. She asks, “if you wish *the patronage of the fair sex* why not favor them? Why not advocate them against the insults of barbarity? Where is your gallantry, your sincerity?” Further, she insists on its publication as a *right*, because we have promised “to expose vice and folly.” and did, on a former occasion, insert something similar:—But we would inform her ladyship that the author, in the case which she alludes to, was neither ashamed nor afraid to satisfy us of the *truth* of his assertions.

Now, we would ask any rational being if it would be reasonable to expect us to accuse a fellow-citizen of misconduct, upon no other authority than the mere say so of an anonymous correspondent? Would we be justifiable in so doing? We think not—and will follow the example of our brethren, who have always refused to insert communications of this sort unless handed in by the Author.

If the accusation is just—If so disgraceful a transaction has indeed taken place, let us know it, and we will not shrink from our duty.

Two more numbers will complete the first volume of the “LITERARY KALEIDOSCOPE,” at which time, we regret to learn, it is to be discontinued.

FOR THE DAWN.

Mr Editor,—I have perused several numbers of the *Dawn*, and assure you they afforded me much pleasure and gratification. They contain much that a liberal man ought to commend, and but little that a fastidious critic need condemn. As to the plan or principle of the work there can be but one opinion, and it now remains for those who are able to blend instruction with amusement, whether it shall prosper or fall. Some perhaps may think it waste of time to read, and too much trouble to write for it; and there are many youths in Wilmington who know it only by name. Surely a publication which has for its object the promotion of virtue and dissemination of knowledge, ought not to be considered in any other light than as an important and valuable work.

If those who can write, would, instead of burying their time and talents in the maze of idleness, devote a portion of them to such works as these, they would be performing a duty and conferring a benefit on the rising generation. We now live in an enlightened age—let those who have received a just proportion of knowledge, communicate some of it to others, and as the *press* is the best medium through which it can be disseminated, and the *Dawn* a good vehicle to communicate it, let those who have the ability embrace it.

A number of the youth of Wilmington, both *male* and *female* peruse the *Dawn*, whereas, if such a publication did not exist, they would be under the necessity of passing many a weary hour without it. Thus it may be of peculiar utility, by painting virtue and pure morality, and recording great and good actions of esteemed worthies, may stimulate them to endeavor to imitate their virtues.

The encouragement of such a work in this vicinity, may in my humble opinion, be the means of doing much good, and can do no harm. It affords an opportunity for those who have genious, to exercise it, and bring forth “those talents which might have lain dormant,” and neither benefit the possessor nor his fellow-youth.

I am myself young and inexperienced, and merely send this essay for insertion in hopes that it will induce some of our youth to come forward and exert themselves in so laudable a concern.

CICERO.

Most pleasures, like flowers, when gathered, die.

From the Juvenile Gazette.

Reclining in my chair, musing on the lamentable and destructive effects of intemperance among the fair "Son's of Columbia," I insensibly fell into a slumber; but imagination assumed the functions of sense and reason, and did not fail to continue, in some degree, my cogitations.

I thought I was standing on an eminence to the south of a stream whose surface was covered with innumerable barks, all of which were loaded with passengers, and seemed to glide insensibly down the stream which grew wider and deeper, the further it proceeded from its source. The fountain from which it issued was very small, but the river increased rapidly in size. Thousands of persons crowded to this fountain to assuage their thirst, but very few ever returned, for the more they drank the more they wanted; every draught they drank made them more thirsty, and compelled them to step into one of those numerous barks which lined the shore of the stream, and shoved out into the current. The stream increased in rapidity as it proceeded from its source, and when once the barks got under weigh it was difficult to stop them.

This stream of which I speak was called Intemperance. I was determined to follow one person, with my eyes to the end of his voyage, and see to what sort of a land this stream conveyed him. He was a youth fresh and gay; with pleasure and avidity he seized the cup and took a draught; instantly he stepped on board of one of those barks and shoved off into the stream. Being of a hale constitution, irrepressibly persevering, and having a person with him called Affluence, they seized the oars and plied down the stream with amazing swiftness. They had got a considerable distance from the source of the stream, the current running with increased force, when Affluence began to fail in strength and dwindle into a decay.—The youth perceived his companion's dissolution nigh at hand, and strove to gain the shore, but in vain; the stream ran so rapid, that it was impossible to stem its current. In vain he tugged at the oars, in vain he solicited the help of those around him, for they were incapable of furnishing any assistance, being in the same dilemma. He cried aloud to those on shore for help, but alas! it was too distant for his voice to reach. Turning around to request one more effort of his companion, he was astounded, to find him vanished! he had departed! he knew not where. He began to despond, but recollecting that the

water had the power of annihilating thought, he took a draught, which had the desired effect, but when its power ceased, it returned with tenfold force and informed him of his unprecedented danger. Again he resumed the cup and in copious draughts would swallow down the water, which had now become completely saturated with qualities which produced pain, disease and phrenzy; corroded the body and destroyed the faculties. By a repetition of draughts he became filthy and sluggish in appearance; his manners were hoggish, his garments tattered, his eyes inflamed and languishing, his bloated frame approaching near to putrefaction, emitted an insupportable stench. Being dispossessed of understanding and imagination, he drifted rapidly down the stream which now dashed and foamed with indescribable fury. I now perceived a horrible gulph a little distance ahead of him, the waters of which were forced to and fro, boiling and foamed, roared and dashed at a tremendous rate, and its wide mouth sent forth a most frightful noise.

(*To be continued.*)

H.

[SELECTED.]
THE SHARK

Is such a common enemy to our sea-faring brethren, that sailors have as little compassion for this animal as he has for them. When taken, the work of butchery commences, and sometimes after he has been tortured and mangled beyond all hopes of recovery, he is consigned to his native element once more. This sea-tiger follows a vessel for several days, snaps at and swallows, indiscriminately, every thing thrown in the sea. The sailors, taking advantage of this propensity, heat a brick flaming hot, which they cover with sail cloth dipped in oil very thick, and binding it tight with twine throw it overboard. The greedy glutton swallows it at a venture, and perhaps conceives it at first to nothing more than a gentle stomachic. In a few moments the sea is all in a foam with his dying and spasmodic convulsions—and the upturned white belly of the monster, proclaims to the delighted mariners, that the hour of his tyranny is over.

A FRAGMENT ON BENEVOLENCE.

He gives his mite to the relief of poverty. Joy enlivens his countenance, and sparkles in his eye. He can lay his hand upon his heart, and say, "I have done a

good thing." But who can do justice to his feelings? None but those whose lips the God of Israel hath touched with sacred fire! None but those whose pens are guided by the inspiration of the Almighty! And though at this moment my heart expands with the delightful sensation, I am totally unable to express it. Most devoutly do I thank thee O Lord that thou hast given me feeling. The sensation, indeed, is sometimes painful; but the intellectual pain far exceeds the most delightful sensual pleasure. Ye kings and princes of the earth, possess your envied grandeur! Let the epicure gratify his palate; let the miser hoard his gold in peace. Dear sensibility! do thou but spread thy benign influence over my soul, and I am sure I shall be happy.

He held out his hat. "Pity me," said he, but turned away his face, to hide his blushing countenance, and the tear which stole down his cheek. I saw it; and that little tear, with a force as powerful as the inundations of the Nile, broke through all the bounds of cautious prudence. Had the wealth of all the Indies been in my pocket, I could not but have given it. I gave all I had. He cast his glistening eyes upon me. "You have saved a family: may God bless you!" With my then sensations I could have been happy through eternity. At that instant I could have wished all the wheels of Nature to have stopped.

FRIENDSHIP.

Nothing is more frequently a topic of conversation and writing than *true friendship*. We are continually hearing its praises, and reading of illustrious friends, who without interested motives were faithful to each other in the most perilous extremities, "but after all," says a witty author, "it appears to me to resemble the notion of ghosts:—it is what every body *talks about*; but what no body that I ever met with has *ever seen*."

Why should mortals arraign the dispensations of Providence? Surely, most of our misfortunes proceed from forming false notions of happiness. Some men seek it in wealth; others, in the enjoyment of sense, which indeed, are not incompatible with it, but will be totally insufficient, if virtue does not contribute her assistance. Henceforth may we attach ourselves unto *her* and *she* will teach us, that our *only* bliss, consists in perfect resignation to the divine will.

THE LOUNGING HOUSE-WIFE.

The lounging house-wife rises in the morning in haste; for **LAZY FOLKS** are ever in a hurry. She has not time to put on her clothes properly, but she can do it at **ANY TIME**. She draws on her gown, but leaves it half pinned; her handkerchief is thrown awry across her neck, her shoes down at the heels; she bustles about with her hair over her eyes; she runs from room to room slip shod, resolved to do up the work and dress herself—but folks who are slip shod about the feet, are usually slip shod all over the house, and all day; they begin every thing and finish nothing. In the midst of the poor woman's hurry, somebody comes in: she is in a flutter, runs into the next room, pins on her gown and handkerchief, runs back with heels thumping the floor! Oh dear you have caught us all in the suds! I intended to have cleaned up before any person came in, but I had every thing to do this morning; in the mean time, she catches hold of the broom, and begins to sweep; the dust rises and stifles every one present. This is ill manners indeed, to brush the dust into a neighbor's face—but the women is *very sorry it happened so.*

Many a neighbor has thus been entertained with apologies and dust, at a friend's house, and wherever this takes place, depend on it, the mistress puts off to **ANY TIME**, that is, to **NO TIME**, what ought to be done at this **PRESENT TIME.**

CURIOS SUPERSCRIPTION ON A LETTER.

(*Taken from an Irish Paper.*)

A letter with the following curious superscription on it, was put in the post office of Balbriggan.

“To Mr. John Winters,

Newtown Gore--county

Leitrim, to be forwarded to Terrence Sheanan, or to John Owen, or Mary Sheanan, all brothers, in Corrocopel, or elsewhere near or about Newtown Gore, or somewhere else in that country.” !!!

RECEIPT FOR A MODERN DUEL.

Two fools with each an empty head,
Or, like their pistols, lined with lead;
Two minor fools to measure distance;
A surgeon to afford assistance;
A paragraph, to catch the fair,
And tell the world, *how brave they are.*

Not long since, a certain Quack was addressed by one of his patients, as follows—"Doctor, how is it when we eat and drink, the meat is separated from the drink?" "Why, I'll tell you, (replied the Quack) in the neck, there is two pipes, one of them is to receive meat, the other drink; at the top of these pipes is a lid or clapper, and when we eat, this clapper shuts up the drink pipe, and when we drink, it turns back upon the meat pipe." "But Doctor, (says the patient) it seems to me that the clapper must play very sharp when we eat pudding and milk.

FOR THE DAWN.

To Miss E***a D*****h.

That smile of thine so sweet and mild,
Could cheer my heart were I exiled,
And left with stranger's step to roam,
Far, far from all that once was home;
And can't thou think I'll e'er forget
That glance of thine? no; still I yet
Retain that glance, (and see thee smile)
And will retain it ever, while
My pulses throb, and round my heart,
My life blood acts its noble part.

THEODORIC.

New Ark, Del.

FOR THE DAWN.

Lines on taking leave of an affectionate friend.

When we from friends are forced to part,
Oh! how it rends the tender heart;
How oft it prompts the rising sigh,
And brings the tear within the eye.
And when the form fades from the view,
And we pronounce the last adieu;
The quivering lip, the brimful eye,
The bursting heart, the heaving sigh,
The strong emotions of the frame,
All, all our heavy loss proclaim.
Sure it must be a heart of steel,
That cannot separation feel:
True friendship ne'er can be a guest
Within that cold and icy breast.

Rosa,

Wilmington. Del.

FOR THE DAWN

On visiting a Beechen tree under whose shade the Author had spent many happy hours of childhood.

And do I see thee once again dear favorite tree,
 Where often in my sportive infancy,
 I sat beneath the cooling shade,
 That thy green velvet leaves have made,
 Ah! yes, *then* was my life's gay morn,
 Then was the rose without the thorn;
 No bitter care e'er bid me weep,
 Or chase'd away my downy sleep.
 How oft with heedless feet I stray'd
 Through that love'd wood, o'er this dear glade,
 And spent my happiest, sweetest hours,
 In plucking nature's blooming flowers;
 Those scenes around still, still are dear
 But ah! *how chang'd* they now appear!
 For, that dear friend I fondly loved,
 Who ever good and kind had proved,
 Can now my hours *no more* beguile
 With kindly glance and welcome smile!
 Those names I carved upon thy shrine,
 The names of those *I loved*, and mine,
 Still, still unfaded here remain,
 But ah! they only give me pain,
 For those dear friends, *no longer* here
 Are left my drooping heart to cheer.
 Thy trunk is fading fast away,
 Thy branches drop with time's decay,
 And learn me that I soon may be
 Withering away as fast as thee.
 What though my cheek bespeaks the glow
 Of health, and in my veins doth flow
 The blood of you'h—yet it may be my doom
 To fill an youthful, early tomb!
 Oh! may I live, as if each hour
 Would be my last; and may the power
 To improve each talent, to me be given,
 That I in bliss may dwell in Heaven.

MARY.

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